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Building democracy one place at a time

By Joshua Edward
Whalesong Staff

When most of us take a vacation, we tend towards the relaxing, if somewhat banal: we recline on beaches and relax in cabins; we “get away from it all,” whatever our individual “all” may be.

Dr. Jonathan Anderson, Director of the Master of Public Administration program at UAS, takes a “higher road” when it comes to time away: he recently spent two weeks not at Disneyland, but in war torn Kosovo, Serbia, organizing and administering one of the country’s first democratic elections.

Under the auspices of the United Nations and the Organization for Cooperation and Security in Europe (OCSE), Anderson used his expertise in elections and public policy to build the frameworks for democracy in Kosovo. Most of us in the United States take our democratic duties for granted: even if we vote (which many of us don’t), we do it as an afterthought; a stop before or after work, another errand to pack into a busy day. In a country like Kosovo, such lazy political luxuries must seem a world away.

Anderson views his role in the Kosovo election as two-fold: while they were there to build a working system (next stop Florida?), they were also there for a greater purpose, to “build confidence in democracy.”

For residents of Kosovo, the concept of democracy is a new one. Suffering under a dictatorship throughout the better part of the 20th century, they have seen their region both literally and figuratively disintegrate in the past decade. As an ethnically different region of Serbia (most Kosovars are Muslim and ethnic Albanians), Kosovo was prime for Slobodon Milosovich’s institutionalized genocide. As the country rebuilds, questions that we in the

United States take for granted when voting are still being answered: who gets to vote? Where will people vote? Who can run for office? How do you control election fraud in a country still rebuilding its government’s infrastructure? It was Anderson’s role to help Kosovars answer these questions.



Photo by Jonathan Anderson

A battered building in Kosovo destroyed during the Balkan conflict in 1999.

First, says Anderson, the OCSE needed to “identify voters, and register those voters in legitimate districts.” Each voter was given a voter registration card; unlike our equivalent in the US, voter cards in Kosovo also functioned as a picture ID. The next step in the demo-

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Leadership Summit leaves legacy

By Sean Smith
Whalesong Staff

Students attending this year’s Leadership Summit reached their peak and had an unexpected fun time doing it. On March 29, students made their way to the UAS campus at 8:30a.m., where they feared the worst: a long, boring day of lectures and readings; basically, school. What the 50 current and future leaders of UAS found was a day packed with keynote speeches, roundtable discussions, and valuable workshops that not only informed, but kept the drowsy awake throughout.

Jon McElwain, a leadership student, said, “The workshops were excellent and highly worth my while.” McElwain was one of the many students who gained information about leadership through specially costumed workshops given by current UAS adminis-

tration and the keynote speaker, Mindy Hurt. A native Texan, she made the trip from Baltimore to give a presentation on her book, *Destiny Points: Decisions for College and Beyond*.

“[The summit was] extremely important to teach the students leadership skills. [It] really helps students individually, but benefits UAS as a whole. And to have high school involvement is very exciting,” Chancellor John Pugh said about the Leadership Summit and the four high school students that not only got up and made the trip, but were very energetic about all the events throughout the day.

Philip Dierking, along with Amanda Underwood and Megan Bush, said they saw a flyer for the summit at the high school and thought there should be more things to

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Photo by Greg Cohen

On April 4, an eagle was spotted taking on the challenge of parking by helping students near the upper lots.

EDITORIAL & OPINION

The Whalesong

The student voice
of UAS

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The University of Alaska Southeast student newspaper, *The Whalesong*, is a free bi-monthly publication with a circulation of 1000 copies per issue. The Whalesong's primary audience includes students, faculty, staff, and community members.

The Whalesong will strive to inform and entertain its readers, analyze and provide commentary on the news, and serve as a public forum for the free exchange of ideas.

The staff of *The Whalesong* values freedom of expression and encourages reader response. *The Whalesong* editorial staff assumes no responsibility for the content of material. The views and opinions contained in this paper in no way represent the University of Alaska, and reflect only those of the author(s).

Hang up and drive!

Vita Wilson
Whalesong Editor

During winter break, I was stopped at a traffic light at Egan and Channel Drives, waiting to drive straight ahead. Finally the light turned green and I entered the intersection, only to have a man in a Subaru, talking on a cell phone, turn left in front of me! Luckily, I wasn't similarly distracted by a cell phone conversation, and I simultaneously slammed on my brakes and horn.

I wouldn't be surprised if most of you have had an experience like that, whether you were the one on the phone or the one who almost got hit by the person whose social or business life was so important that they couldn't pull over or wait to make that call. And if you were the person on the phone, I hope you've learned something from that experience. Do you still drive with one hand on the wheel and your phone in the other?

I freely admit I'm nowhere near being a model driver. I was late for an appointment the other day, so I brushed my teeth while driving down Egan. I tried to floss, too, but I couldn't do that



without a considerable amount of weaving, so I stopped. Besides, I was driving straight down the highway, not so engrossed in my teeth brushing that I turned in front of a person who had the right-of-way. See, I know my limits (I know this still doesn't excuse the very real possibility of putting myself and others in danger). There's nothing wrong with multi-tasking as long as you know what you can handle. You can drink a mocha and drive at the same time, but

you may not want to curl your hair or shave your beard while driving.

I have a reasonable request for drivers who absolutely must talk on their cell phones while operating a vehicle. Invest in a \$20 earphone to keep your hands free. Sure, you'll look like a dork, talking out loud to no apparent human being, but hey, it keeps you safe in two ways: you can keep both hands on the wheel, and the cancer-causing electromagnetic radiation won't be going into your brain. Of course, it would enter your groin region if you have your phone in your pants pocket, or whatever body part the phone is closest to, but at least you and others will (I hope) have less risk of an accident.

Spring Break story contest winner

Back to Valdez

By Kaci Hamilton

So almost everyone who knows me knows that I moved here in January from Valdez, the beautiful but po-dunk nowhere town on the Prince William Sound that is wholly sustained by oil. Exxon Valdez, 1980's oil spill, yeah you get the picture. I get this bright idea upon arriving in Juneau that I am going to go back to Valdez to snowboard over the break. Tickets aren't too expensive, I have somewhere to stay, and I know the whole town (c'mon, it's only 4000), so it will be good to see some friends.

I got really excited about going back because my friend's brother was holding a board for me and, plus, the first time I actually saw a snowboard was when it was being strapped to my feet at the top of the Thompson Pass road run. So it would be like going home. Nonetheless, that wasn't really what was in store for me.

So I get there, the pass just looks frozen solid. I am highly unamused. I couldn't fairly say the trip was a waste of money I got a discounted fare, and a roundtrip ride from Anchorage to Valdez; but, really, you can only look at the beautiful mountains around the place before you start to get cabin fever. And this is even when you're outside! So I wanted to get some riding in since I came ALL this way. After day one, I had said hi to everybody (literally). Everyone thought I was back for school and I had to explain 3 million times that I had actually left like I said I would last Christmas. The word 'Juneau' was said more than I thought was humanly possible.

Up to this point, I had not gotten ahold of my friend whose brother had the board, but not that there was any rush because you can't really snowboard on snow that has the same consistency as concrete, now can you? So I checked my e-mail for another day or so and waited. During this time, though, I took my driving road test. I wasn't nervous because I had driven many times in that town very illegally, so I knew the roads. However, the tester apparently doesn't

like *anyone* to pass the first time. I still wasn't worried, I had kissed behind to way more intellectual people; she would be eating out of my palm. And so she did. I passed the test with flying colors and I got the piece of paper and plastic that meant the difference between me being pulled over and subsequently deported or me being pulled over and given a ticket.

Day 3 arrives and I think my luck is going to turn around. Ha! That's all I have to say about that. My friend's brother gave the board away to someone else. For some reason, I thought that in three months, without any word from me, or any idea of when I was coming back to Valdez, he would hold on to the board and await my arrival. This news terribly disappointed me, but I was still fine, because the wind outside was audible from inside any building and it really didn't encourage you to do anything involving the outdoors. Being outside involved two states – being flat on your back on a sheet of ice, or being shoved by wind. It is an understatement to say that Valdez was, by this point, disappointing.

So it's about Wednesday and I am tentatively booked on standby to leave Anchorage on Friday. I don't have a ride to Anchorage yet. So I spend my days inside asking people if they know anyone who might be going to ANC. Nothing is turning up. Hence, I decide to focus on my friend Amber who is having a little relationship drama. She's seeing a girl who lives with her immensely overbearing parents; if that wasn't bad enough, this girl is trying to get away from a stalker pervert in town whom she met on the Internet and who now won't leave her alone. So this is some real 'Bold and the Beautiful' quality crap. I have to hear the stories about how this girl is really great and how much Amber likes her more than she usually likes most people, but that the situation i.e. the 'rents, is ruining everything. This is hitting very close to home, as I am going through the same thing, except it's a guy. Sorry to disappoint you. Anyway, in between my fighting off winds that feel like you're being bitch-slapped, I have to watch my friend Amber fall more into the abyss of love, while refraining from trying to kill the Internet pervert who keeps hanging around and threatening to tell the girl's parents.

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Letters to the Editor

The Whalesong gladly accepts letters to the editor. Letters may not exceed 300 words, and may be edited for length, clarity, and grammar. Letters must be signed and include a means of contact for verification. Send your letters to 11120 Glacier Highway, Juneau, AK 99801, whalesong@uas.alaska.edu, by fax to (907) 465-6399, or bring them to Room 102, Maurant Bldg.

Letter to the editor

Attention all University of Alaska students and faculty! What if I told you that there was an administrative body in our school that was not only practicing bad business and politics but also making environmentally hurtful decisions without any say from you or me. The University of Alaska Lands office is selling university land at considerable lower cost than its worth only to be turned around and clear cut.

In a University of Alaska Lands sale earlier this year the UA Land Management office sold 145 acres of land to a local logging company. The buyer bought the land for \$175,000 which is 40 percent less than the Ketchikan Gateway Borough appraised the land for. In addition to selling the land at a frightening low price, the 145 acres will quickly be turned into a clear-cut forest. The results of clear-cutting are not only ecologically dangerous but they are also incredibly long term.

Currently the money made from UA Land sales goes into the University's Land Grant Endowment Trust Fund (LGTF), which funds the Alaska Scholars Program which provides scholarships to the top 10 percent of graduating seniors in every Alaskan high school. The estimated maximum annual cost of Alaska Scholars Program is \$3 million in 2003, with land revenues that are near 3.4 million. The University wants to raise their lands sales enough to cover the \$220 million received as state funding, 100 million from existing research grants. This leaves \$120 million to be covered by addition land sales to private organizations that may or may not be environmentally minded.

Statewide students of the University of Alaska must do what is necessary to see that our land trust is handled responsibly with good business, political, and environmental edict.

Ozzy Orwick
Environmental Studies Student,
University of Alaska Anchorage

Summer and Fall registration opens soon!

It's important to you to get the courses you want at the times you want with the instructor you want, then it's time to register for your fall classes! Registration for summer and fall classes opens soon. While there is a lot to do this last month of the spring semester, registering for classes needs to be at the top of your to-do list!

The fall and summer schedule are **online** NOW and can be found at www.uas.alaska.edu/schedule. Some changes you'll notice this year include:

- The online schedule format is NEW compared to last year.
- The online schedule will be updated regularly
- The online schedule contains multiple search options
- The printed schedule will look different, containing abbreviated information and will be available later in April

Because the online version is so flexible and will contain the most up-to-date information, *it is the preferred method of searching for classes*.

NOW

Meet with your academic advisor to discuss your schedule as it relates to your program. Staff at Records and Registration and the Student Resource Center can provide assistance if you don't know who your advisor is. Be sure to prepare for the meeting with your advisor.

- Have a list of potential classes ready
- Work out time conflicts – if this is done in advance, scheduling will be a piece of cake!
- Make a list of questions for your advisor.

During advising you can discuss

- Admission to a degree program
- General Education Courses
- Major Courses
- Course selection
- Potential career opportunities
- Other issues that concern you

APRIL 14

Registration officially opens on April 14 for both summer and fall classes. After meeting with your academic advisor, you can register on-line. Be sure to cross this off your to-do list by the end of April. Classes fill more and more quickly every year, so you'll want to have your seat reserved before you break for summer.

By preparing in advance, meeting with your advisor and registering online before the end of April, you guarantee a stress free summer regarding your fall classes. Don't put it off! Waiting is not worth the worry.

Leadership continued from page 1

integrate the high school with UAS. "This is one of the first times I have interacted with college students here at UAS," Bush said.

"It's a great learning experience to take back to the high school," sophomore Amanda Underwood said about taking back what she had learned from the summit and applying it in her responsibilities on the JDHS student council.

Jamie Atkinson, one of UAS's leaders wearing many different hats and organizer of the event, had The NFFA(National FFA) to thank for his involvement as a student leader. "FFA inspired me to take advantage of all the opportunities on the UAS campus." After participating in the leadership class's retreat last year, Atkinson got inspired asked the leadership program if they would combine the retreat with Leadership Summit: Leading a Legacy.

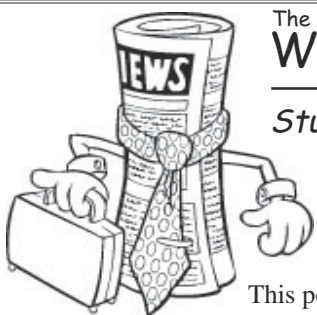
"We are able to get leaders, future leaders, and those looking at leadership opportunities together. It makes for great interaction with a variety of leaders, topics and skills involved with leadership," said Vicki Orezam, Vice-Provost of Student Success and Leadership Program Advisor.

Building continued from page 1

cratic process was identifying political parties and potential leaders. As a parliament, the government in Kosovo is composed of "proportional representation," so there may be dozens of political parties jockeying for parliamentary control in any given election. Next came the logistics of the vote itself: schools were chosen as polling centers, districts were designated, and rules for absentee voting were implemented. Finally, the dates for the election were chosen, the vote was advertised, and timeframes were set for party formation, all in an attempt to ensure the legitimacy of the election. When it came time for the actual vote, the OCSE goal was not exclusion (the 2000 presidential election recounts anyone?): "The goal was trying to include people," Anderson says. "If the voters intent was clear, the vote counted – even if they circled where they were supposed to check." Ultimately, "Every step of the election was controlled" Anderson states, and "confidence was built in democracy."

Anderson says "what was really great about the experience is that the OCSE is multi-national and multi-generational. There were Italians and Czechs, Poles and Americans of all ages doing things as a world, not as individual countries. It was idealistically empowering."

For those interested in a similar experience, Anderson urges volunteering in local elections. In fact, the three qualifications necessary for the OCSE program Anderson participated in were simply election experience, electoral knowledge, and foreign work experience. And, Anderson would have us know, "it's not paid, but they pay all expenses, and if you scrimp on your per diem you might even bring something home!" Besides the knowledge that you actually helped build a democracy that is ...



The Whalesong Position Announcements for Fall 2003

Student Assistant IV-Whalesong Editor

This position will provide editorial and production direction and supervise student reporters working for the campus newspaper, The Whalesong. \$1000/semester plus tuition waiver.

Student Assistant IV-Whalesong Production Manager

This position will work with the Whalesong Editor, Advertising Manager and reporting staff to produce pages for production of the student newspaper. He/She will coordinate the production schedule and proofread the final copy. The Production Manager will also be responsible for on-campus and community distribution of printed paper, and posting issues on the campus web site. \$500/semester plus tuition waiver.

Student Assistant IV-Whalesong Advertising Manager

This position will act as the sales manager for advertising in the student paper. This person will solicit new advertising accounts, create ads and provide invoices to Business Services for appropriate billing. Must be able to track accounts and produce reports showing invoice and final ad copy for audit purposes. \$9.25/hour plus 15% sales commission.

Don't Delay! Positions are open until filled.

For more information contact Kirk McAllister, Whalesong Adviser at 465-6473

FEATURES

Bigfoot sighted near Auke Lake

By Sandra Galeana
Whalesong Contributor

On April 1st 2003, Bigfoot was spotted on the University of Alaska Southeast campus next to Auke Lake. Witnesses claim that Bigfoot took a stroll down to the lakeside and disappeared. When police officers came to investigate the area they found footprints that were about two feet long. When I asked one of the police officers if it could have been an actual sighting of Bigfoot in the area he responded, "We can neither confirm nor deny the presence of Bigfoot in the area at this moment in time."

But there were witnesses, "I saw Bigfoot and thought I was placed in a Star Wars scene with Chewbacca," said UAS student Jana MacInnis. "It was really something to have Star Wars come to life before my very eyes. However, once Bigfoot was down by the lake, he was gone in a flash of light."

Cherie McCoy also saw Bigfoot while delivering balloons to the campus. "At first I thought it was just a student, but when I took a second look I realized it was far too tall and hairy to be a human. It stood straight up like we do but it had long arms and legs like monkeys do. Having my digital camera with me I snapped a picture. After the flash of my camera Bigfoot ran into the trees near the lake and with a flash of light, it was gone."

To get a more scientific approach to Bigfoot I went to James McCoy, a resident of Juneau and an expert on Bigfoot. He had already heard of the local sightings and was willing to give his opinion.

"It is truly amazing that Bigfoot would choose to visit Juneau. I assume that it



Photo courtesy of John's Bigfoot Picture Page

Bigfoot enjoyed the trees on the Auke Lake campus on April 1.

chose to visit here because of our forest. You see Bigfoot is from Mars and that planet does not have trees like our planet Earth. So on certain days, Bigfoot sends a hologram of itself to the planet to enjoy our forests. The flash of light that the witnesses saw was Bigfoot ending its transmission. The footprints that the police officers had found were there

because the hologram is an actual projection, so the weight of Bigfoot is projected as well. Basically it is a hologram with weight."

So whether you look to Mars or to a flash of light on Earth, know that Bigfoot is out there and may choose to visit you some day. For all I know Bigfoot was here because it plans to go to college. Maybe one day Bigfoot and the human race will live together.

On a further note: because of the confidentiality of this article, it will self-destruct in five seconds.

Need a drink? Think twice before you over indulge

By Michelle Harman
UAS Counselor

The end of the spring semester is nearing and it seems like students are getting both excited to see the light at the end of the tunnel and feeling stressed out by the workload ahead. It is a good time to review some skills to help cope with the amount of work facing students at UAS. Before we look at what helps us cope, let's look at what doesn't. Other drugs notwithstanding, drinking *too much* alcohol will not help to cope with stress in the long run. It may relieve anxiety and the awareness of stress temporarily, but it will not help to solve a problem.

What is too much alcohol? Binge drinking is fairly common among some student groups on college campuses. Binge drinking is five or more consecutive STANDARD drinks for a man, and four or more for a woman of average weight.

What is a standard drink? It is 12 oz of beer, 5 oz of wine, or 1.5 oz of liquor. How drunk a person gets depends on many factors, such as weight, gender, race, level of alcohol tolerance, amount of food in stomach and how fast a person drinks. What matters though is that the liver can only metabolize one STANDARD drink per hour, and anything more than that will begin to accumulate in the blood and get you drunk. Maybe that's the point, I know, but getting drunk is risky business.

What are the risky effects of drinking too much? When drunk, a person is less likely to use protection for pregnancy and STDs, and will do things that cause embarrassment and shame. When angry, alcohol can make someone more likely to be violent because it lowers self-control and impairs judgment. The human body's way to cope with binge drinking is to throw up or pass out or both. Unfortunately, when both happen at the same time, people can die. That recently happened to a young man in a close Southeast community. He passed out and asphyxiated on his own vomit. Now his whole family has to live with that. Driving while drunk is also likely when judgment is impaired. In most states, a blood alcohol level of .08% is considered under the influence. You know that you cannot drive safely at .08%, but did you know that even a BAC of .04 could significantly impair driving? There is no way to sober up quickly, despite what most of us think; cold showers, coffee, cold air, only make a person wide-awake *and* drunk.

What will help you cope with stress and anxiety?

- For many it begins with prioritizing: making a short to do list, and rewarding themselves after accomplishing one thing from the list before moving on.

- Choose healthy ways to pat yourself on the back for accomplishing small goals, like a movie, dinner out, a walk with your love, take a relaxing bath in candlelight, web surf for an hour.

- Say no when you want to—don't take on new burdens or over-book yourself.

- Eat healthy food your body loves (green veggies), and drink water or nourishing beverages.

- Go to sleep earlier!

- Stay away from stimulants, especially illegal ones!

Continued on page 7

What is your Alcohol IQ?

April 10, 2003

UAS CAFETERIA, 11-2

Test yourself and enter a drawing for super-cool door prizes!

Enjoy a mocktail, free food, learn more about responsible drinking!

Sponsored by the National Alcohol Screening Day and UAS Alcoholism & Drug Abuse Center 465-1296

Student and Community Submissions

Student and community submissions are both welcomed and encouraged at The Whalesong. Send them to 11120 Glacier Hgwy, Juneau, AK 99801, jywhale@uas.alaska.edu, by fax to (907) 465-6399, or bring them to Room 102, Mourant Bldg.

People & Entertainment

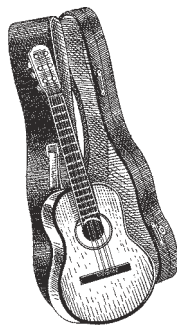
Preview

Wednesday, April 9-
Vote!

Student Government Elections

**DON'T
★FORGET★
TO VOTE!**

Through Sunday, April 13-
29th Annual Folk Fest
Centennial Hall
Free!



Saturday, April 19-
Spring Fling Dance
Baranof Hotel,
9 p.m.
Tickets \$10

Through Friday, April 25-
UAS Student juried exhibition
Juneau Arts & Humanities Council
Gallery
Free admission

Look for Issue 14 of
The Whalesong
on stands April 22!



Student Profile: *Dulcey Little*

'A little bit of sweet'

By Kaci Hamilton
Whalesong Contributor

Anyone can relate to being the new person at a school. You walk around the sea of people wondering when you will ever get to know all of them, who a certain person is and if everyone is looking at your outfit thinking that your mother had to have dressed you. Then after about day four when you walk into the cafeteria and you see one person whose name you remember, and who thank God remembers yours, you flock to them like a beacon of light on this thrashing sea of newness, regardless of who they're with. In any event, whoever they happened to be with might just become your other new friend.

That is how I met Dulcey Little. Her name is an Americanized version of the French word for sweet, and fortunately, she actually lives up to its meaning. I was walking through the cafeteria one fine day when I had just arrived and I saw Pete Sommers sitting at a table with a girl with wild curly hair, rose coloured glasses and the most eclectic-looking jeans-and-t-shirt outfit I had ever

seen. So she is dressed as average as you can imagine yet there is nothing average about her. So I sit down into my little world of inconspicuousness and begin eating lunch and I watch the steady progression of people walk through the cafeteria and stop to say hello to Dulcey. Some knelt at her feet and others towered above her saying their thing and then moving on. *Who is this girl?* I wondered. I needed to get some of whatever pheromones she was emitting. It was like that movie *Love Potion #9*, except that when she spoke people didn't fall in-love with her, they simply came over to say hi. I made a mental note, *Become Dulcey's friend.*

I followed through with the pledge and I continue to find out interesting things about her. Dulcey is from Craig on Prince of Wales Island and while in high school she was a cheerleader. Funnily enough, she was very unpopular. The town of Craig has apparently not caught up to the rest of the world and cheerleaders are nerds! Thus, school was not fun. She would beg her logger father and two-job-working mother to homeschool her just so that she wouldn't have to be in that environment. I think it's safe to

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Life in the Matrix

By Dixie Normus and Alotta Vogyna

It was like a blank envelope – there was no label or anything so you didn't know where it was going or where it was coming from. That's what this whole Phillip thing was. And what happens to letters that go to the post office with no label? They get tossed in the trash. There is no more Phillip. Over. Passé. Finito. Caput. Done. Tout es finit. Have I gotten the point across yet? I'm not even angry, really. I'm just sad and frustrated.

What I find most unnerving about the whole thing is what it went from, to what it became and what it now is. I am deeply disturbed by this. After the hike, we went on several dates. Everything was a date - doing our laundry; going to a movie; having lunch; doing homework. It was wonderful! There was this amazing level of comfort and compatibility unlike anything else and I loved spending time with him. We simply enjoyed each other's company. The best part again was that there was no rush into the horizontal mambo. I'm so used to those horndogs who have nothing else on their mind that I almost thought something was wrong with him. But there was a great master plan. He didn't want sex to be the premise of our relationship and sure enough it wasn't. We became friends first.

Then when we finally slept together, everything went to a whole new level. I remember thinking that the only other person I had felt the same way about was the only person I had ever loved. The same way I felt about my first love as we were in the beginning throws of our relationship, before I actually fell in love with him, was

the same way I was feeling about Phillip. I will admit I was a little scared at first. I actually did the standard, "I am not going to call him despite that I am thinking about him every second of the day, because I'm afraid I might like him too much." I did exactly what Robert did to me. Anyway, that was like a fad diet; it only lasted for one day! I continued on the path of discovery and before I knew it was like I had a boyfriend. Unfortunately I never became his girlfriend and since I didn't have a lovely label, I was easy to discard.

I went out of town for spring break and before I left, we had had a talk about the ex-girlfriend and the fact that he was still very much emotionally attached to her and that his feelings for her were somewhat hindering things between us. Hindering is quite an understatement. I sent him an e-mail while I was away telling him that he need not worry, to take all the time he needs and that I could ride the wave until he could move on with me. I basically put myself on the railroad tracks and set myself up to be run over. Of course, that's what happened. His response to my e-mail was not promising. I was not looking forward to what getting back into town had to offer me. So it snowed while I was away and I immediately got together with a friend to head up to Eaglecrest for some riding. I was extremely excited but at the same time, I knew that I was going to see Phillip there and I also knew that his ex would be with him. Not because he had told me this, but because I just know what kind of luck I have and I had the nasty premonition that this was how the Gods got their kicks i.e. by my torture.

Low and behold this is my first time at a ski resort

Good book, good review: *Twelve*

By Michael Johnson
Whalesong Staff

The time has come for some one from my generation to stand up and say, “This is who we are.” The time has come for a voice to rise out of the sea of murmurs and amplify; a voice to carry our 21st century emotions across expansive oceans and farther still: into the understanding of our parents. HELLO JUNEAAUUU?!? UH ... ANYBODY LISTENING TO ME? NO? Damn, figured it was worth a shot.

In *Twelve*, Nick McDonell’s youthful yawp resounds in every corner of the world. Youthful indeed, *Twelve* was written when he was nearly that young. You UASers know I am not one to impose my opinion much, but this book is too good to ignore. I devoured *Twelve* like fresh king crab legs —with relish, but uncontrollable, unsavoring speed. If I were a cat, *Twelve* would be tuna. If I were a dog, *Twelve* would be a cat. If I were George Bush, *Twelve* would be Iraq. Once this book has your attention, the only way to escape its spell is to consume it. And even then you’re in trouble. If I were a qualified, overly verbose literary critic I would exclaim, “A spine-chilling spell-binder, an apocalyptic masterpiece!” and all sorts of other glamorous things that the book is not.

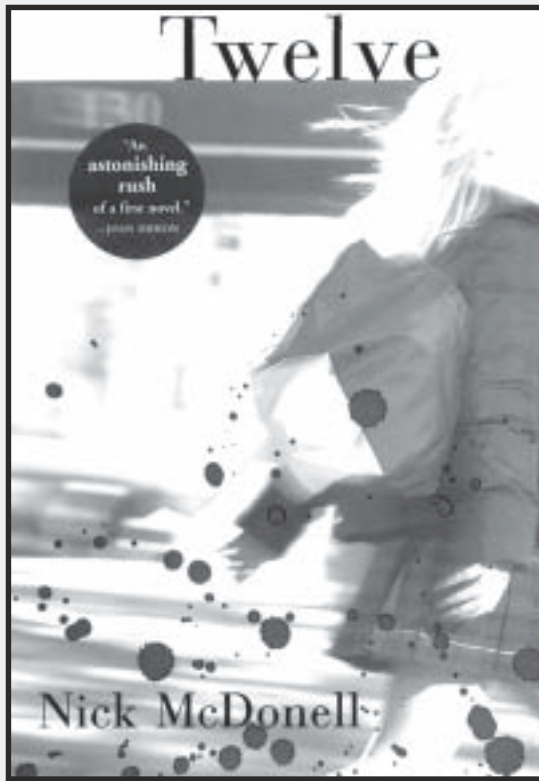
The plot of *Twelve* interweaves the lives of several over-privileged, drug-addled, confused private school teens in New York City who are mixed up in a financially-induced world of addictive want. Some people die, some live, some we are left to wonder. But while the plot has great twists, the actual content is not what makes this book an instant classic (nor is it a reason to write the book off).

This kid, McDonell, he has got *it*. His words beckon, they entice, they seduce the reader into an uncannily intimate bond with the characters. I marvel at how I felt so driven to finish the book. It had been awhile since I’d voluntarily consumed a few hundred pages in an evening.

What’s more, the story is largely true, with McDonell writing himself in as the main character, “White Mike.” Perhaps this allows and accounts for the inimitable, piercing honesty that goosebumps the reader throughout. For a teenager, McDonell certainly has honed the ability to write precise — even in the crazy climax the reader is plowed through events that other authors might take chapters to describe.

Want to read something different? No theatrical embellishment, no Hollywood influence, no fluff? *Twelve* is a real death, dealt out in real time, contrasted against countless “novels” today that are slow-motion-snake-pit-sword-fight-epic-battle-bulletproof-enemy-so-I-gotta-kick-him-out-of-an-airplane deaths that are better left for Jackie Chan flicks.

Want to read something different, something with quality? Take a look at *Twelve*. Want to watch *Survivor* and read trashy romance novels? Take a look at yourself.



Matrix continued from page 6

and I am with my friend trying to get on the ski lift that goes to the top and I get whacked in the stomach by the seat and dragged off the ledge into a fluffy pile of snow. They had to stop the lift and the 3 million people in the lines waiting had a great laugh at my expense. The drama isn’t nearly over. I hear a voice behind me as I am trying to get my board, “Dixie?” I look around and who is staring down at me looking like something from Hot Greek Gods Magazine? You guessed it. By his body language I could tell she was there and I just waited for him to turn around, get her attention and introduce us. She is a good three feet smaller than I am. I felt like the jolly green giant who got pushed out of the game because I was too big and clumsy. It was a case of the power three – ungraceful, unappealing, and uninvited. That perfectly sums up how I felt. I tried to make small talk, but the tension on the air was just suffocating. I could smell it. We went our separate ways and for the whole day I kept feeling like he was making the best attempt to not be near me and the closer I got, the further away he went. I’ll tell you, it’s not fun feeling the one-night-stand that someone never expected to see.

We later on decided that maybe things were moving a little fast. I’m not quite sure, but I don’t really think I had much of a choice in it anyway. We were going to do less relationship stuff and more hanging out and laughing stuff. That lasted about a week, as our schedules didn’t leave much room for hanging out. We subsequently decided that NO relationship stuff was the order of the day. I was being punished because he had bitten off more of life than he could chew and he had so much to do that he could barely breathe. How do you get angry with someone who can’t dedicate adequate time to you because they are swamped in life? There is no one to blame; it was the situation.

So I am once again on the prowl. Phillip is still going to be my friend; I am at least going to fight for that. But as for this dastardly game of love, I will keep the blindfold on and trust my instincts. I won’t see him coming; he’ll blindside me and send me into a chaotic state of passionate frenzy and we will laugh at the little things for no reason. I deserve that, at least.

Need a drink continued from page 4

- Exercise or go for a walk or hike.
- Talk to close friends.
- Laugh! Laugh! Laugh!
- Develop a daily routine.
- Take vitamins.
- Catch and STOP your “stinkin-thinkin” (*self put-downs, negativity, perfectionism, criticism of others, judgments, worry about things you can’t control, doom and gloom*), because this is only one possible way to view reality.

On April 10, 11 a.m.-2 p.m., UAS will join other campuses in offering students a chance to learn about their own drinking. By taking a short survey, students will be able to enter a drawing for cool door prizes. Many local businesses are co-sponsoring the event.

Stop by the cafeteria for free pizza, some non-alcoholic beer, and a virgin margarita!

If the beer’s
starting to
impair your
game...



Think what
it’ll do to
your driving.

It’s time to call a cab. Now.

DESIGNATE A DRIVER.



This ad is sponsored by Alaska Electric Light & Power.

Student profile continued from page 6



Photo courtesy of Kaci Hamilton
Dulcey Little, looking sweet

say that things have changed regarding Dulcey and popularity since then. She's now here at UAS getting her pre-requisites to go on to the Nursing program in Anchorage

As one might assume that being from Alaska makes you automatically good at everything involving ice and the outdoors, hanging out with Dulcey for a weekend will quickly change your mind. For all the supportive students (by the way, thank you!) who went to the Broken Word at the SAC, Dulcey is queen of the Athletic Wussy Girls! No ice-climbing here. Nope, no stories of the amazing glacier trek anywhere. No sir, Dulcey is not the first person in line when Eaglecrest opens and she does not have all the gear and she does not come home after a day of skiing/riding saying "all the freshies were sick" and she does not know where all the hiking trails are. In fact, before going on a hike, her first question is, "Are you a fast hiker?" Meanwhile she is silently pleading to the listening heavenly bodies that your answer is no. But like I always say, "The first

step is admitting you have a problem." And Dulcey is okay with that. She realizes that she isn't exactly normal since fresh snowfall doesn't make her orgasm.

At any rate, she makes up for it by being eccentric and amazingly generous. I can walk into Dulcey's kitchen, open the fridge and she will rush around the corner and start feeding me. She makes spinach lasagna and invites everyone over for a feast. She put my \$120 grocery bill on her credit card and told me to pay her back later. She makes dishes like carrot and apple soup and willingly shares the recipe because it's "so good." Then there is the case of the leopard sheets and the matching sleepwear and that fact that she's been wearing the same bead necklace, without taking it off, for the last three years. She also figuratively sees the world

through those rose-colored glasses of hers. There is always talk of paradigm shifts and the commercialist-propaganda accepting ways of the American public.

So she doesn't snowboard or ice-climb; that's not what it's all about anyway. I can't say that she foots everyone's grocery bill, but she'll get around to being sweet to them in some way. In the meantime, I'm glad to be on the receiving end of that little bit of sweet.



Photo courtesy of Kaci Hamilton
Kaci Hamilton on her Spring Break Valdez adventure

asked her husband about maybe putting on some music, and he made a whiny noise about never being able to listen to her, i.e. Joyce. BUY A WALKMAN, I wanted to yell. It took the patience of Buddha not to rip the thing out of the tape player and break it in their faces. As far as I am concerned, two things should be on tape: music and movies. Not talking. I lay in the back seat with my down coat balled

at either eardrum singing every song I could think of, to drown out the sound of Joyce, BUT SHE WOULDN'T GO AWAY! When I had the idea that he would eventually run out of tapes, God must have heard me, for on the highway, we ran into Heather's mom, who provided them with back-up tapes for the ride, pointing out which was a really good one to listen to. Where is the tranquilizer gun when you need it? Finally I fell asleep and didn't wake up until we got to Anchorage. Heather and her husband dropped me by my friend's house and I crash there until the next day, when I caught my flight at around 2 pm.

My spring break in Valdez was not what I had wanted it to

Spring break continued from page 2

Moving right along. I find a ride. So since I just got there and I was already leaving, I opted to do something that involved the ice outside other than falling on it: I went sledding. It was great fun but you couldn't really go too fast because that would involve giving yourself a new anus. But overall, the sledding was a good time. I got out, had a little sunshine on my face and crashed into a couple trees. It was good.

So you thought the drama was done, think again. A different kind of drama this time. It's Thursday afternoon and my ride, Heather, picks me up. I load all my stuff into their truck (everyone in Valdez drives a truck) and we head out of town. When I first got in the truck, I thought the talking on the radio was the news, however I soon found out that it was a religious tape by Joyce Meyer, a minister who made tapes about how to "get back what the devil stole" and on various ways to be blessed. I thought I was going to die. It is too ironic that, as Joyce spat out stories of when the Holy Ghost spoke to her, I sat in the back seat reading *The Antichrist* by Friedrich Nietzsche. This book talks about how Christianity is the vile scar on humanity and that is has basically ruined mankind. I felt like a scene from a Far Side comic strip. I was a visual oxymoron!

I assumed that once we got on the highway, they would switch to the radio or something. I was not going to be able to endure five hours of tape of a woman with an annoying voice and speaking style telling me that if I didn't go to church, I was not going to be blessed. At one point, Heather

be. I came back snowboard-less; I suffered from over-exposure to Joyce Meyer and got back into town only to find out that it dumped the two days before I am scheduled to get back. Technically, I went to Valdez for nothing; but I managed to come back with a story.

Spring Highlights



- April 10 - National Alcohol Screening Day
- April 11 - Spring Pool Tournament III, SAC 6 pm
- April 12 - Ice Skating, Treadwell Arena 8:15-10:30 pm
- April 13 - Global Connections Arcata/Humbolt Dinner
- April 19 - Easter Egg Hunt, kids 11 & under of faculty & staff
PRIZES! Mourant Courtyard, Noon
- April 19 - Spring Climbing Comp II, SAC 1 pm
- April 19 - SPRING FLING DANCE, Baranof Hotel, 9 pm-1 am
Tickets \$10
- April 21 - 30 - STRESS BREAK ACTIVITIES!!
- April 21 - Free Americanos at Spikes Cafe
- April 22 - Free Americanos at Spikes Cafe
- April 22 - Massage Therapy, Mourant Cafe 10:30-1:30
- April 22 - Ice Cream Social, Mourant Cafe 2 pm
- April 23 - Massage Therapy, Mourant Cafe, 5:30-7:30pm
- April 23 - Acupressure, Mourant Conf, 10:30-2:45 pm
- April 24 - Massage Therapy, Mourant Cafe 12:30-3:30pm
- April 24 - Acupressure, Mourant Conf, 10:30-3:45 pm
- April 25 - Global Connections Year-end Celebration, Student Lounge 12:30 pm
- April 25 - YEAR-END BBQ! Mourant Courtyard, 3 pm
- April 25 - Massage Therapy, Mourant Cafe, 12:30-3:30 pm
- April 28 - Massage Therapy, Mourant Cafe, 10:30-1:30
- April 29 - Acupressure, Mourant Conf, 10:30-2:45 pm
- April 30 - Ice Cream Social, Mourant Cafe, 2 pm
- May 1 - Hypnotist Arlow Moreland, SAC 8 pm



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is now hiring
for the 2003
tourism season.

Applicants should have excellent customer service skills, outgoing personality, professional appearance and feel comfortable in a fast paced environment. Positions available: dock representative, tour hosts, bus escorts, flight coordinators, drivers, gift shop sales and dog base lead. We offer competitive wages, seasonal bonus and lots of fun. All applicants must be 17 years of age. Please call 586-2030 for an application package.

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